

The Devil is Not as Black as He is Painted

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Summary

"You're tolerance for alcohol is becoming more impressive, Will."

Will promptly took the pillow from his face and threw it in Hannibal's direction, missing him entirely and almost smashing one of the various expensive vases hanging around, "My tolerance for you is being tested right about now."

They get slightly too drunk in the middle of the afternoon and end up slow dancing in the lounge, clumsy and giggling.

Notes

Title: The Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri

Sunlight slants across the lounge and catches glass bottles in its wake, specks of light jumping in all directions and sparkling, making lazy patterns up the walls. One caught Will in the eye so he turned to press his face into a pillow with a disgruntled groan. Hannibal sniffed a laugh and leant over to move the refracting bottle among the four Will had already breezed through- those cheap beers Hannibal would sooner be waterboarded with than drink, "Your tolerance for alcohol is becoming more impressive, Will."

Will promptly took the pillow from his face and threw it in Hannibal's direction, missing him entirely and almost smashing one of the various expensive vases hanging around, "My tolerance for you is being tested right about now."

Hannibal exchanged a sidelong glance, sipping his Sangria: "That must be exhausting for you." Will blanked at him, decisively crossing his feet into Hannibal's lap. They'd started drinking for no good reason other than to ironically celebrate the arrival of their second stray dog, a schnauzer they'd yet to name, too busy making out, that had turned to drinking, that turned to lazing around.

"No wonder I drink so much." Will chuckles, rather accidentally.

"Am I that tiresome?"

Will's grin evolved into a beam as he spoke, "I drink to drown my problems, which is funny, because my problems seem to be damned good swimmers-- or *swimmer*." He teased, nudging a foot into Hannibal's side.

Hannibal merely downed his drink, "You are incongruous."

"Why, thank you." The shit-eating grin stayed plastered to his face, eyeing Hannibal with a mixture of patience and drunken enrapture, "Whatever will you do about that? Something punitive? Cruel?" He took the glass from Hannibal's hand in a quick motion and took some of the ice in his mouth to chew, knowing Hannibal was unsettled by it in spite of his lack of reaction. Weird thing, for a murderous cannibal to be so put off by the act of crunching frozen water between your teeth. Then again, Hannibal is a weird guy.

He considered his response for a moment, studying Will's face, "No, not a punishment." And placed a hand on the tender flesh of Will's ankle.

"Really? That's incredibly unlike you."

"Predictability is a trait I have yet to afford." A smile sung in his eyes.

"Not when I know you like-- I do." Will corrected, speech straining from movement, sitting up unsteadily and drinking the rest of a lukewarm beer he'd neglected, disgustingly warmed by the sun but he was too out of it to care.

"This is true," Hannibal stood carefully and turned to him, smiling properly now, "On your feet."

"Why?" Will narrowed his eyes, smiling back warily.

"Why not?" Hannibal outstretched a hand and Will put his bottle down without breaking the untrusting stare, "You wound me, Will. I may be able to be deceptive but I am no liar." Anyone else would think he was perfectly sober but the subtle droop of the line of his shoulders said otherwise.

"Deception is the basis of lying."

"Not always. Lies can be fabrications. Denials. Exaggerations. They can be founded on mistaken impressions. If I was lying I believe you'd know."

"You're sounding more and more like a liar." Will said pointedly, gathering his balance enough to stand, instantly grabbing onto Hannibal's upper arm for stability. With that, Hannibal positioned one hand on the small of Will's back, the other taking Will's in his, interlocking fingers. They began to sway in a silent rhythm: "What are you do-- *are you making me dance with you?*"

"I'm not making you do anything, Will." Hannibal sounded amused.

"I don't know how to dance." He warned, looking down at their feet so close to each other.

"I can teach you. When you've sobered up." They both giggled a little at that. Will decided to lean into the touch and wrapped the hand he'd been holding onto him with around his neck, resting his forehead on Hannibal's opposite shoulder.

"There's no music." Will smiled into the warmth of the embrace.

"Does there have to be?" He offered, and Will said nothing for a while, then shook his head, only once.

Hannibal's feet moved expertly, in spite of his inebriation, slow, simple steps back and forth like you'd see at a school dance, only it told of his hushed talent for such movement, unspoken in origin the same as just about everything else he was so good at. Will surprisingly managed not to step on any toes, little pats of his bare feet on the hardwood syncopated but steady. He could hear their heartbeats together and wondered if any of Hannibal's compositions were inspired by such a noise.

"I can't tell if this is a punishment or a reward." He snickered, closing his eyes, leaning closer, and separating their hands to bring them both up around Hannibal's neck, touching their foreheads together when he felt both hands against his hips, strong, cradling. It seemed the smile on his lips would never leave.

"I'd say it's a reward. Seeing you like this." Hannibal whispered, watching Will's lips as they smiled wider.

"I plead the fifth." He scoffed, kissing Hannibal hard, an opus sounding where the absence of music had been.

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